

FABLES in VERSE,

For the Improvement of the

Y O U N G and the **O L D**;

BY

A B R A H A M Æ S O P, Esq.

To which are added,

FABLES in VERSE and PROSE;

WITH THE

Conversation of BIRDS and BEASTS,

At their several

MEETINGS, ROUTS, and ASSEMBLIES;

BY

W O G L O G *the great* **G I A N T**.

Illustrated with a Variety of curious CUTS,

By the best MASTERS.

And with an Account of the **LIVES** of the

A U T H O R S,

By their *Old Friend* **Mr. NEWBERY**.

The Truth I hope you won't dispute,

When told you by a brother Brute.

Letter from Leo the great Lion.

The FIFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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LETTERS IN VERSE

OF THE OLD

AND NEW

TESTAMENT

AND THE

PROPHETS

AND THE

EVANGELISTS

AND THE

APOSTLES

AND THE

DISCIPLES

AND THE



P R E F A C E.


LITTLE need be said to commend any thing that bears the character of utility about it. Those who but open this book will see that the author has, under agreeable allegories, given children such lessons in prudence and morality, as may be of service to them in their riper years, and help to conduct them through the world with peace and tranquillity; and he has made choice of this method of conveying his sentiments, as the most entertaining, and the most
 ely to make a lasting impression on the mind.

If any one should object to this method of writing, as the author is informed some supercilious weak people have done, he begs they would consider that it was, as Mr. *Addison* observes, the first species of wit that made its appearance in the world, and has been highly valued, not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but also among the most polite and refined ages of mankind. We find, even in the holy scriptures, this sort of instruction and admonition apply'd; when plain reasoning or the downright truth would not perhaps have been so safe or so effectual. *Jotham's* parable of the trees in the ninth chapter of *Judges* is of this kind, as is also that of *Nathan's* poor man and his lamb, which conveyed instruction to the ear of a king without offending it, and brought *David* to a proper sense of his guilt and of his duty. We find *Æsop* reading lectures of this sort in the most distant ages of *Greece*; and in the very beginning of the *Roman* commonwealth,

P R E F A C E.

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wealth, we see a mutiny among the people appeased by a fable of the belly and the limbs; which gained the attention of that incensed rabble, when perhaps they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the same doctrine to them in an open and direct manner.

As fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flourished more than when learning was at its greatest height. To justify this assertion, I shall put my reader in mind of *Horace*, the greatest wit and critic in the *Augustan* age; and of *Boileau*, the most correct poet among the moderns; not to mention *la Fontaine*, who by this way of writing, is come more into vogue than any other author of our times.

Reading, (says Mr. *Addison*, in another place) is to the mind, what exercise is to the body: as by the one, health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished, and

confirmed. But as exercise becomes tedious and painful, when we make use of it only as the means of health, so reading is too apt to grow uneasy and burdensome when we apply ourselves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this reason, the virtue and instruction, which we gather from a fable or allegory, is like the health we get by hunting, as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us insensible of the fatigues with which it is attended.



T H E



T H E

L I F E of Æ S O P.



 H E Learned are divided in their

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 sentiments about this great per-


 sonage; some affirm that he was


 by birth a *Phrygian*, others that
 he was a *Thracian*, and others as-
 sert, and perhaps with more probability, that
 he was a *Samian*, and of mean parentage. But
 however they disagree in this respect, they all
 unite in opinion, that his person was greatly
 deformed, that his body was crooked, that
 he was big-bellied, and badger-legg'd, that he
 had a flat nose, hunch back, blubber lip, a
 long mis-shapen head, and that his complexion
 was so swarthy, that he took his name from
 it *Æsop* and *Æthiop* (according to their ac-
 count) signifying the same thing; they also
 assert

assert, that he stammered to a great degree. But of this last defect they supposed he was cured.

He lived at the time when *Cræsus* governed *Lydia*. He had been twice sold as a slave, before he was purchased by *Xanthus* the *Samian*, who was his third master, and from which period of his bondage we shall begin our history.

Many of the things related of him are indeed mean and trifling, but they are suited to his circumstance of life, and discover his amazing sagacity and penetration.

The first of these that I think worthy your observation is, that his master being obliged to send several burdens by his slaves to *Ephe-sus*, permitted *Æsop*, on account of his bodily infirmity, to take his choice. He chose the panier of bread that was to support them on their journey, for which (as it was the heaviest of all the burdens) he was laughed at by his companions, who despised him for his folly, one of them indeed out of compassion, offered to help him to carry it, but *Æsop* thank'd him, and said they should all carry it by and by, which accordingly they did, for after two or three meals were made, they saw *Æsop*
santer

santer along with little more than an empty basket ; and from that time they began to have a different opinion of his abilities.

Some time after this, their master had a present made him of some fine figs, which the slaves having stolen and eat, agreed to lay the theft upon poor *Æsop*. The master extremely incensed, ordered him to be severely punished, but *Æsop* getting a large bowl of warm water, drank it before him, and it returned again without any appearance of figs. He then desired his fellow-slaves might be put to the same trial, which being done, the secret was discovered, the figs came up in plenty, and the punishment intended for *Æsop* was inflicted on them.

Æsop's master sold all his slaves at *Ephesus*, except a *Musician*, an *Orator*, and *Æsop*, whom he carried with him to *Samos*, and exposed them in the public market for sale. *Xanthus*, an eminent philosopher, who came with a number of his pupils to see the slaves, was greatly taken with the two first, and asked them about their professions, and what they could do. The one said he could do *anything*, the other that he could do *every thing* ; he then applied

applied himself to *Æsop*, who told him that *he could do nothing*: my comrades, says he, have agreed to do every thing, and there will be nothing left for me to do. Well but if I give money for you, says *Xanthus*, will you be good and honest? I'll be that, says *Æsop*, whether you buy me or not. Ay, but won't you run away, says the philosopher? Pray, said *Æsop*, did a bird in a cage ever tell his master that he intended to make his escape? The philosopher applauded the quickness of his wit, but told him that his unlucky shape would set people a staring and hooting at him wherever he went. A philosopher, says *Æsop*, should esteem a man for his mind, and not for his body; as this answer gave *Xanthus* an high opinion of his wisdom, he bid the merchant set his lowest price on that miserable creature. Sir, says the master, if you will bid me like a chapman for one of the other two, you shall have this monster into the bargain. In short, the purchase was made, and *Xanthus*, taking *Æsop* home, presented him to his wife, who was not a little offended at his mis-shapen appearance, but when she came to converse with him and heard his witty answers, she was so well

well reconciled to him, that *Æsop* became somewhat of a favourite.

Some time after this, *Xanthus* took *Æsop* with him to a gardener's to buy herbs, when the gardener desired the philosopher to inform him why those plants that sprung up of their own accord, grew so much faster than those he planted? *Xanthus* could give no better answer, than that providence would have it so, which not being satisfactory to the man, and seeing *Æsop* smile, he told the gardener, with a supercilious air, that it was beneath a philosopher to busy his head about such trifles, and that, if he had a mind to be informed, he would do well to ask his *slave*; upon this the gardener applied himself to *Æsop*, who gave him this answer, "The earth acts in
" the nature of a mother, with regard to the
" things she brings forth herself, and as a
" step-mother only, with regard to what she is
" obliged to raise by the assistance of others.
" It is no wonder therefore, that she should
" take most care of her own children." The
gardener was so pleased with this reply, that
he would take nothing for his herbs, and
told

told *Æsop* he was welcome to make use of his garden when he pleased.

Xanthus did not live in the most comfortable manner with his wife, and an accident happened soon after *Æsop* came to him that occasioned a quarrel, which was carried so far on the lady's part, that she packed up her apparel, left her husband, and retired to her relations; and no persuasions and intreaties could induce her to return.

Æsop, perceiving his master was much disturbed at her obstinacy, endeavoured to comfort him, and told him he had a project that would bring his mistress back again, with as much speed as she went away. The master approved of the scheme, and away *Æsop* hies to the poulterers, fishmongers, confectioners, &c. for the best of every thing that was in season, and told wherever he came that his master's wife having run away from him he had married another, and this was for a wedding entertainment. This news, which flew like lightning, soon reached the ears of the run-away lady, who was so affected at it that away she posts back to her husband with outrageous looks, rings a peal in his ears, and having
ing

ing swap'd down in a chair, and fann'd herself into a little better temper; No, *Xanthus*, said she, you are mistaken, do not flatter yourself with the hopes of enjoying any other woman while I am alive, no, I won't endure it. *Xanthus*, who was well pleased to have his wife again, sat all this time like a philosopher, but when the storm was blown over, he told her it was *Æsop's* scheme, at which she was not less pleased than her husband.

Xanthus, determined to give a feast upon the reconciliation, invited all his friends, and ordered *Æsop* to procure the best provisions he could for their entertainment. The company being seated, the first service that entered was neats tongues sliced, of which the philosopher took occasion to discourse and quibble in a formal serious way. As that the tongue was the oracle of wisdom, and the like. Upon this, *Xanthus* called for the second course, then for the third, and then for the fourth, but all were tongues differently dressed. Upon this he fell into a most outrageous passion with *Æsop*: Thou villain, says he, is this obeying my orders, to bring us nothing but tongues upon tongues? Sir, says *Æsop*, you

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charged

charged me to make the best entertainment I could for these learned gentlemen, and if the tongue be the key of knowledge, what cou'd be so proper as a feast of tongues for a philosophical banquet.

Xanthus, finding that his friends were pleased with *Æsop's* answer, invited them to sup with him the next day, promising to provide a better entertainment; and then told *Æsop* that as he was set upon contradicting him, he might provide the *worst* things he could think of. But when the guests were assembled the next day, they found again repeated the service of tongues: when *Xanthus* being enraged, demanded with great heat, what could be the reason why tongues could one day be the best of meats, and the worst the next? ‘ Sir, said *Æsop*, the tongue bears
‘ a part and is principally concerned in all
‘ the wickedness upon earth; and you, Sir,
‘ have more reason than other men, both to
‘ know its mischievous and its excellent qualities, from your being both an husband
‘ and a philosopher. To what else is this
‘ banquet owing? whence arose the breach
‘ in your family, which has made your friends
‘ meet

‘ meet here to rejoice over your reconciliation,
 ‘ but to an evil tongue? and is it not also
 ‘ owing to the tender and gentle expostulations
 ‘ of the tongue that you are now happy?
 ‘ and as you have experimentally found a
 ‘ tongue to be the best and worst entertain-
 ‘ ment, you have no reason to be displeased
 ‘ at your twice feasting upon it.’

Some time after, *Xanthus* being intoxicated with liquor, laid a wager that he would drink up the sea, which he confirmed, by giving, as a pledge of his performance, a valuable ring that he wore on his finger; but the next day being sensible of his folly, he was extremely uneasy, especially as he knew he was in such hands as would take an advantage of his folly. *Æsop*, however, undertook to bring him off, and reminded him, that as he had only conditioned to drink up the sea, but not the rivers and streams that flowed into it, he need only insist on his adversaries stopping them, and that then he would perform his promise. This advice *Xanthus* readily followed, and the persons who were to decide the wager agreeing that his plea was just, the ridicule fell on his antagonist, who was obliged to restore the ring.

At this time the world was extremely addicted to augury, that is the forming of omens from the cry and flight of birds, and one day *Xanthus* sent *Æsop* into the yard, and told him, that if he saw two crows he would have good luck after it; but if he saw only one, it was a bad omen, and would be followed by some misfortune. *Æsop* on this slept out, and immediately returning, told his master he had seen two crows; upon which *Xanthus* went out himself, when finding but one, (for the other was flown away) he was exasperated at *Æsop* for making sport with him, and ordered him to be severely lashed; but while they were stripping him for the discipline, a person came to invite *Xanthus* to supper, on which *Æsop* cried, ‘Where is the credit of your augury, when I that saw two crows am to be beaten like a dog, and you who saw but one are going to make merry with your friends?’ *Xanthus* was immediately sensible of the justness of this remark, and therefore saved *Æsop* from the punishment that was going to be inflicted on him.

Soon after, *Æsop* had the address to obtain his liberty. The ring, which had the town-
seal

seal of *Samos* upon it, was upon a solemn day carried away by an Eagle, which, after hovering with it in the air, dropt it into the bosom of a slave. This the *Samians* imagined forboded some dreadful calamity to the state, and in great consternation called a council of their wise men, to give their sentiments on this strange event. They were all at a loss what to conclude from it, only *Xanthus* desired some few days time for further consideration; but being then as incapable as ever of giving a solution to so odd an incident, he informed *Æsop* of his perplexity, who instantly desired to be introduced to the council, promising to give them full satisfaction.

The next morning *Xanthus*, being willing to be freed from his uneasiness, introduced *Æsop*, when many of the council ridiculed his deformity and uncouth appearance; but being soon convinced, by the wisdom of his answers, that the faculties of his mind might compensate for the defects of his body, they consented to listen to what he had to say. Upon this he told them, that when he considered the importance of the question he was to determine, and the

office he was then to perform, he imagined, it would be as little agreeable to their honour, to take the opinion of a slave, as it would be with his condition to offer it; but that this might be obviated and their dignity preserved, by making him free. This they allowed was highly reasonable, and immediately treated about the price of his liberty, and ordered the money to be paid to his master. *Xanthus*, tho' loth to part with *Æsop*, now found that he could not avoid it, and therefore making a virtue of necessity, rather chose to present *Æsop* to the commonwealth than to sell him, which the *Samians* were highly pleased with, and the council having returned their thanks to *Xanthus*, *Æsop* was presented with his freedom, on which he addressed them as follows,

‘ I am persuaded that it is scarcely necessary
‘ to tell so many wise men, that the Eagle is a
‘ royal bird: this bird therefore signifies a great
‘ king, and his dropping the ring into the
‘ bosom of a slave, who has no power over
‘ himself, is to let you know that you will
‘ lose your liberties, if you do not take a
‘ proper care to preserve them. Some po-
‘ tent prince has a design against you, and
‘ who

‘ who should this be, but *Cræsus* King of
‘ *Lydia*, who, you are sensible, is preparing for
‘ some great enterprize.’ The council thank-
ed *Æsop* for the caution he had given them,
and then dismissed him.

A short time after *Æsop*’s prediction was
justified by the event ; for Ambassadors ar-
rived from *Cræsus*, who demanded of the *Sa-
mians* a tribute for their master, and threatened
them with an invasion in case of their refusal.
This affair being debated in council, the ma-
jority were rather for peace with slavery, than
for running the hazard of war with so powerful
a prince. However, they resolved not to come
to a determination till they had first consulted
Æsop, who gave them his thoughts in words
to this effect : ‘ You have two parts before
‘ you, said he, one of which must be taken :
‘ the path of liberty, which is indeed narrow
‘ and rugged at the entrance, but will prove
‘ plainer and smoother the farther you go ;
‘ the other is the path of servitude, which,
‘ though it seems easy at first, you will find
‘ afterwards most rugged and filled with in-
‘ supportable difficulties.’ The *Samians*, at
these words, unanimously declared for liber-
ty,

ty, saying, that since they were at present free, they would never consent to their becoming slaves: on which the ambassadors threatened them with war and departed.

Cræsus, being informed that the *Samians* were inclined to become tributary to him, till *Æsop* by speaking only a few words had diverted them from this resolution, sent to make them a proposal; that if they would send *Æsop* to him, he would for the present put a stop to his arms. This proposal being made to *Æsop*, he replied that he was not against their sending him, provided they would suffer him first to tell them a short story. ‘ There
‘ once happened, said he, a fierce war be-
‘ tween the wolves and the sheep; when the
‘ sheep by the help of the dogs, had the ad-
‘ vantage. Upon this the wolves made a
‘ proposal of peace to the sheep, on condi-
‘ tion that they might have their dogs for
‘ hostages. To this the credulous sheep a-
‘ greed, but no sooner had they parted with
‘ their dogs, than the wolves broke in upon
‘ them, and destroyed them at pleasure.’
The moral of this fable was immediately understood by the *Samians*, who unanimously
cried

cried out, that they would not part with *Æsop*, and with this answer the Ambassadors were dismissed.

Æsop now went voluntarily on board the Ambassador's ship, and attended them to *Lydia*. On his arrival at the court of *Cræsus*, he presented himself before that prince, who looking upon him with contempt and indignation, ' Was it this wretch, said he, that hindered me from being master of *Samos*?' *Æsop* then advancing with great humility, said, ' I am not here, O King! in the character of a man delivered up by his country: I am come voluntarily to your court, and no compulsion has been used to make me lay myself at your majesty's feet. I have only one request to make, that you will condescend to grant me the honour of your royal ear, for a few words.

' A boy once hunting of grasshoppers, had the fortune to catch one, when the little animal, finding he was about to kill her, thus pleaded for her life. Alas! said she, I never did any one an injury, and never had either inclination or power to do it. All my business is my song,
' what

‘ what then will you be the better for my death ? The youth’s heart relented, and he cheerfully set the simple grasshopper at liberty. You, great king, have now that innocent creature before you, there is nothing I can pretend to but my voice, which I have ever employed, as far as my abilities would suffer me, in the service of mankind.’

Cræsus was so moved with *Æsop*’s modesty and prudence, that he not only gave him his life, but promised to grant him any other reasonable request. When *Æsop* replied, ‘ Suffer me, with the utmost veneration, gratitude and respect, humbly to implore your majesty’s favour for my countrymen the *Samians*.’ The generosity of this petition highly pleased the king, who readily granted his request, and admiring him for his wisdom and virtue, treated him with the greatest kindness. *Æsop*, however, soon after returned to *Samos*, with the news of peace, where he was welcomed by all possible testimonies of joy and gratitude ; and the *Samians* even erected a statue to his honour.

Æsop afterwards returned to *Cræsus*, for whose sake he composed many of the fables that have in his name been handed down to posterity.

posterity. He staid at his court a considerable time, and at length being desirous of seeing *Babylon*, *Cræsus* gave him letters of recommendation to *Labynetus* king of the *Babylonians*.

Æsop's curiosity induced him to take *Greece* in his way, for the sake of conversing with the seven wise men, whose reputation was at that time spread over the earth. These he found at *Corinth*, with several of their disciples, where *Periander* treated them all at a villa near the city. *Æsop* was on this occasion highly pleased with their conversation, for the entertainment was philosophical and agreeable, and among other discourses, they gave their opinions upon what was the most excellent form of government, when *Æsop* pleaded for a limited monarchy, and the rest for a commonwealth.

On *Æsop's* arriving at *Babylon*, he was received in a very favourable manner by king *Labynetus*. It was customary in those days, for princes to propose trials of skill in the resolving of difficult questions, when he who gave the most satisfactory answers, obtained the prize. These contests gave *Æsop* frequent oppor-

opportunities of displaying his abilities, and so raised him in the esteem of *Labynetus* that he sent him on an embassy into *Egypt*. *Æsop* acquitted himself of his commission to *Amasis* with great reputation, and returned to *Labynetus*, laden with honours and rewards. He at length went once more to visit *Greece*, and having heard of the wisdom, piety, and learning of the inhabitants of *Delphus*, paid them a visit when, to his great surprise, he found them immoral, ignorant and conceited; on which he boldly reproved them, and endeavoured to make them alter their conduct. The magistrates were greatly offended at this liberty, and fearing lest he should expose their vices in other countries, resolved to take away his life; but not thinking it safe to do this privately, they resolved to do it under the form of Justice. For this purpose, when he was preparing for his journey, they caused a golden cup belonging to the temple, to be conveyed into his baggage. He was no sooner out of the town than he was pursued, taken, and charged with sacrilege: *Æsop* pleaded his innocence, and laughed at them as a set of madmen; but his boxes being searched, the
cup

cup was found, and *Æsop* hurried away to prison. The next day he was brought into court, where, notwithstanding he gave the clearest proofs of his innocence, he was sentenced to be thrown from a steep precipice; when with great difficulty he prevailed on them to hear him speak a few words, and told them a fable that was applicable to his present circumstances: which made no impression on the hearts of the *Delphians*, but as they were calling to the executioner to do his office, *Æsop* suddenly gave them the slip, and fled to an altar which stood just by; but the *Delphians* told him, that the altars of the Gods afforded no sanctuary to those who robbed their temples; upon which he told them a fable of a *Beetle*, who being injured by an *Eagle*, found means, notwithstanding his contemptible appearance, to draw down vengeance upon her powerful oppressor: and ‘you, added he, ought not to flatter yourselves that your violation of justice and oppression of the innocent will escape unpunished.’ At this the magistrates being still more enraged, commanded the officers to take him from the altar and drag him to execution; when *Æsop*, finding that neither

the sacredness of the place, nor the clearness of his innocence were sufficient to protect him, he chearfully resigned himself to their power, and while they were conveying him along, gave them the following fable.

‘ There was an old man, said he, who had
‘ spent his whole life in the country, without
‘ ever seeing the town; but when grown weak
‘ with age, was filled with curiosity, and de-
‘ sired to see the place he had so often heard
‘ of before he died. His neighbours told
‘ him that their asses were very well ac-
‘ quainted with the way, and making them
‘ ready, turned the old man and asses loose,
‘ without a guide; to try their fortune; but un-
‘ happily the old man was overtaken upon
‘ the road by a terrible tempest, and it grow-
‘ ing dark they lost their way, and tumbled
‘ with him into a pit, where he had only time
‘ to exclaim, miserable wretch that I am to be
‘ destroyed by the basest of beasts, by asses.--
‘ That is now my fate, continued *Æsop*, in
‘ suffering by the hands of a barbarous peo-
‘ ple, who have neither humanity nor honour,
‘ but act in opposition to all the ties of hos-
‘ pitality and justice. The Gods, however,
‘ will

‘ will not suffer my death to be unrevenged.’
—He was still speaking when they pushed him headlong from the rock, and he was dashed to pieces with the fall.

Soon after this the *Delphians* were visited with famine and pestilence, when the principal of the conspirators, reflecting on *Æsop’s* last words, and the greatness of their guilt, in a fit of despair put an end to their lives.

Æsop, having no children to comfort him in his old age, and to enjoy his riches, adopted a youth, named *Ennus*, for his son; but he turned out a wicked profligate fellow, and was so abandoned, that he accused *Æsop* of treason, in order to take away his life. *Æsop* however, forgave him, and some time after received him into favour, and with his riches bequeathed him the following maxims for the conduct of his life.

Worship God, my son, said he, with care, reverence, and sincerity of heart, void of all ostentation and hypocrisy; for know that he is true, omnipresent and almighty,

Watch over your most private thoughts and actions, for God sees through you; and if you do evil, your conscience will bear witness against you.

Prudence as well as nature require that you pay that honour to your parents that you expect your children should pay to you.

Exert yourself in doing good to all men, but more particularly attend the interest of your relations; and where you can do no good, be sure you do no hurt.

Keep a guard upon your words as well as upon your actions, that neither of them may be tainted with vice or folly.

Value good council above money, and apply yourself to learn while there is any thing left that you do not know.

Our minds must be cultivated as well as our plants; for the improvement of our reason makes us truly men, but the neglect of it transforms us into brutes.

Wisdom and virtue are the only permanent and inviolable goods.

It is possible to be a wise man without looking sour. Wisdom may make a man grave, but never morose or inhumane.

Shun a lie, as you would avoid sacrilege.

Delight in the company of good men, for it will give you a tincture of their manners.

Take

Take heed of the vulgar error which intimates, that there may be good in evil. Those are grossly mistaken who talk of profitable knavery, or of starving honesty; for virtue and justice carry all that is good, and the most substantial profit along with them.

Let no man despair in adversity, nor presume in prosperity.

Listen not to calumny, nor venture to repeat it.

Propose honest things, follow wholesome councils, and leave the event to God.

Rise early to your business, learn good things, and oblige good men: these are three things of which you shall never repent.

Have a care of luxury and gluttony, and more particularly of drunkenness; for wine as well as age, makes a man a child.

Love and honour kings, princes and magistrates; for they are the bands of society, in punishing the guilty and protecting the innocent.

Ennus, it is said, truly repented of the crimes he had been guilty of, and by observing his father's maxims, and copying his example, became a good man; but as the mischief done to the constitution in our youth

are not to be repaired by age, the remaining part of his life was unhappy ; for he was miserably afflicted with a complication of disorders, that were brought on him by the intemperance of his youth, and of which he died in a few years after his father,





THE
L I F E
O F
WOGLOG the Great GIANT.

✠✠✠ E have already observed in some of
✠ W ✠ our former works, that *Woglog* was
✠✠✠ conquered by little *Tom Trip*, who
beat him, notwithstanding his amazing bulk,
and reduced him (who was before wild and
outrageous) to such a sense of himself that he
afterwards became a very good man, and
employed his time chiefly in relieving those
who were in distress, and correcting those
who were turbulent and unruly.

All

All the biographers are silent with respect to the birth and parentage of this great person, nor indeed is it essential where, or of whom he was born. For a good man is a good man, let him be of what country or parents soever. We shall therefore wave the different circumstances that are related of his birth, and only speak of his abilities, which were prodigious, but perhaps not so amazing as some would insinuate ; for the story of his stamping on, and sinking the pier at *Westminster-Bridge*, and some other things related of him, are false and invidious.

We cannot give those who have never seen Mr. *Woglog* a better idea of his prodigious bulk and size, than by comparing him with what they call the giant of the *Netherlands*.

Tho' this giant, we must observe to you, is only made of basket-work, clothed and carried on four mens shoulders, who are concealed ; the boy that looks out of his pocket and cries *Papa, Papa!* is indeed natural, is a real urchin like you or I, ty'd there only to carry on the deceit, and to amuse the populace ; but our *Woglog* is *Woglog*, whatever the world may think or say to the contrary.

Woglog, as we have observed before, never
made

made use of his strength, but for the benefit of the public. If a poor market-woman or porter was over-loaded and fainting, he would take them and their load under his arm and carry both to their journey's end.----Or if a carman was at a stand, and inhumanly whipping his horses to make them do what was impossible for them to effect, which is very often the case, he, after giving the carman a box on the ear, or a lash with his own whip, would take horses, cart and all out of the flough, and set them on plain ground. He once met with nine gentlemen, going into a noted gaming-house, near St. James's, whom he swang heartily over his head, and so frightened them that they returned home to their families, said their prayers, went to bed, and determined ever after to leave off that knavish, stupid, unchristian, immoral, inhuman, vile, wicked, scandalous practice.

He was not only strong in body, but also strong in head, or in other words a great lover of wisdom. As *Æsop* took a journey to Greece to see the seven wise men, so *Woglog* made a voyage in a barge down the river *Thames* to *Reading*, to see the seven wise women. But
how

how amazed and confounded was he when he found them all silent. He thought he might probably learn of them something respecting the policy, trade, and manners of their neighbours; but they prudently shut the gate of knowledge against him, nor could he, with all his strength and all his art, procure any thing more than *Mum*. How much soever this might seem like a disappointment, he ever respected those ladies who had so great a command of that licentious member the tongue, as to be able on all occasions to keep their mouth shut.

Woglog never could bear people that were affected. *Affection*, says he, *debases human nature, and renders those, who might otherwise be amiable, insipid and ridiculous*. Fops and coxcombs, therefore, of all creatures in the universe he despised; and took every opportunity of offering them up to public ridicule. ---I remember once at a ball there was a gentleman excessively foolish and conceited, and so much admired his own manner of dancing that he was continually looking at his legs: *Woglog*, stepping up to him, Sir, says he, *you dance incomparably: Pray may I know what*

gentleman had the honour to teach you? 'Why Sir, answered the coxcomb, curling up his mouth, *I was begun by Mons. Chelovie, then improved by Nicolai, then by Mons. Chabrang, then by de la Tout, then by Mess. le Grantoux, and Polloritiz; and at last compleated by Nicolini.* And thou art the compleatest puppy I ever saw, says Woglog, and gave him such a twirl with his finger and thumb, that he spun like Tom Harrison's top. Then turning to the company: *Dancing, says he, is a good and a graceful exercise, 'tis an exercise that contributes both to the health of the body and the mind; and I would not have it debased by cox-comical fops and affected fooleries.*

Though extremely grave and sedate in his person and appearance, he would sometimes assume an air of pleasantry, and was capable of hitting off what the French call a *bon mot*. I remember when he was at Bath, a lady accosted him in this manner, Well, Mr. Woglog, where have you been? At church, Madam, says he; and pray my lady, where have you been? Drinking the waters, said she---But not for health?---No truly, I only drink them for wantonness. Well, Madam, and have they cured

cured you of that complaint, says *Woglog* & the lady blushed and took a turn on the grand parade, while *Woglog* sept into Mr. *Leake's* to read one of Mr. *Newbery's* little books.

More anecdotes we have respecting Mr. *Woglog's* life, but they must be deferred till another edition of this work is published, which will be in a few days.





FABLES in VERSE.



The CAT and the DOG.

NEVER yet husband and his dame,
In morn and evening song the same;
Never two infant brats agreed,
So well as *Pusi* and *Pupsey* did ;

D

So

38 FABLES *in* VERSE.

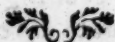
So kind, so gamesome, so diverting,
 Their love-tricks need not here inserting.
 'Twas yet remark'd by ev'ry one,
 If from the table fell a bone,
 They snarl and snap, and scratch and bite,
 And bid civilities good night.

M O R A L.

Self-int'rest is the bone of strife,
 And often sep'rates friends for life.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Here read illustrated the plan
 Which captivates and governs man;
 We little likings first contract,
 And long together kindly act.
 But if, by jealous thought or joke,
 The league is cancell'd, friendship broke,
 The farce concludes in scratch and bite,
 And interest only sets us right.





A SHEPHERD *turned* MERCHANT.

A Shepherd, feeding of his flock,
 (Calm the sea, serene the sky)
 Was tempted to sell off his stock,
 And on the waves his fortune try.
 A freight of figs he soon procur'd,
 And with them went to sea,
 And having great fatigues endur'd,
 At length was cast away:

40 FABLES *in* VERSE.

He lost his cargo, sav'd his life,
 But weary of the main,
 With joy return'd to his dear wife,
 And his old trade again :
 Soon after, feeding of his sheep
 Upon the self-same shore,
 He saw just such a flatt'ring deep,
 As took him in before.
 Yes, yes, says he, but who's fool then,
 You want more figs I see ;
 But if I e'er trust you again,
 May no man e'er trust me.

M O R A L.

In ev'ry station, art and trade,
 Man happiness may find,
 Unless ambitious views invade
 And captivate the mind.

R E F L E C T I O N.

The shepherd's case is really that
 Of every stupid ass,
 Who quits a solid good for what
 May never come to pass.



The RAVEN *and* SNAKE.

AS basking on a sunny bank,
 A snake extended lay,
 A hungry raven, seeking food,
 Came prowling by that way ;
 With talons strong and eager grasp
 He seiz'd the speckled prize,
 But stung by the revengeful worm,
 He in the conflict dies.

M O R A L.

Nature the wants of life supplies,
Nor what is requisite denies ;
With these if we are not content,
We must to justice leave th' event.

R E F L E C T I O N.

The Snake and wounded Raven prove
How indirect our passions move ;
Our senses all on pleasures dwell,
Which strike the eye, the taste, the smell,
And we too late our errors find,
In pain and sad remorse of mind.





The LION, ASS, *and* HARE.

A War betwixt the birds and beasts
 Was breaking out—as fame attests ;
 'The Lion, sov'reign of the plain,
 Resolv'd his grandeur to maintain :
 Great were the national alarms,
 And subjects call'd to take up arms :
 Variety of hares and asses,
 (Whose number my account surpasses)

Allur'd

44 FABLES in VERSE.

Allur'd by mercenary views,
Met at the general rendezvous.
With scorn the chiefs the troops survey'd,
And fain would have disdain'd such aid :
‘ No, says the Lion, you mistake,
‘ The Asses, trumpeters we'll make ;
‘ As couriers be the Hares employ'd,
‘ No brute shall hold his station void.

M O R A L.

Wise nature nothing made in vain,
However vile, however plain,
But what, if rightly understood,
May some way tend to public good.

R E F L E C T I O N.

To all her works wise providence
Does various parts and minds dispense ;
The peasant poor, that hedge and ditch,
Are some ways useful to the rich ;
The opulent impart their store,
And comfortably feed the poor.
Let not the great the least disdain,
All, all are links of nature's chain ;
All have their own designs in view,
And all the will divine pursue.



A STAG Drinking.

A Wanton Stag, upon the brink
 Of a clear stream, about to drink,
 Survey'd with pride his branching head,
 Then view'd his spindle shanks, and said,
 Were these proportion'd to my size,
 I'd all my enemies despise—
 When lo! the hounds in ample cry
 Proclaim the dogs and danger nigh;

He

46 FABLES in VERSE.

He left th' untasted brook behind,
 And swiftly flew before the wind,
 But, pressing through a brake of thorns,
 The boughs fast ~~held~~ him by the horns,
 Where, till the hounds came up, he hung,
 And like a dying swan thus sung:
 Unhappy me! how great the blunder
 Not to know friend and foe asunder!
 I trusted to my head, but oh!
 My horns have prov'd my overthrow,
 And at my legs was wont to scoff,
 Which but for them had brought me off.

M O R A L.

Well taught the good *Athenian* sage,
 To fly the paths of woe,
 Who said in his instructive page,
 "Take care thyself to know."

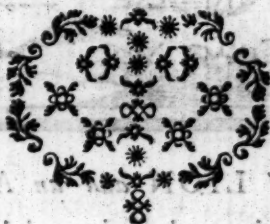
R E F L E C T I O N.

Fools in their own opinion wise
 Some things o'er-rate, and some despise;
 And judging with a partial eye,
 Invite the snare from which they fly.

DEATH

I
A
V
A
A
P

Is strange to a judicious ear,
 And shews his follies but too clear;
 We daily die, though feel it not,
 Are soon decay'd and soon forgot,
 And every thing on earth we see
 Reads lectures of mortality.





A LION and an ASS.

THE Lion, whose imperial sway
 The brute creation all obey,
 As traversing the neighbouring wood,
 Or for his own, or subjects good,
 Met with a saucy ass who bray'd,
 And to his liege small reverence paid.
 At first the Lion discontented,
 His daring insolence resented;

But

But upon second thoughts reply'd,
 ' Your baseness, Sirrah, checks my pride;
 ' Had you been worthy of my pow'r,
 ' You should have dy'd this very hour,
 ' But on reflecting what you are,
 ' For this time I your person spare,
 ' Be still the ass, and strut and bray,
 ' Your breeding does your birth betray.'

M O R A L.

The noble soul observes this rule,
To have no contest with a fool:
 Where quality and courage fail,
 What can the combatant avail;
 Contempt's the best in ev'ry case,
 Where competition is disgrace.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Thus a conceited Garreteer
 Insults the Senator and Peer,
 In hopes of what is call'd the *pence*:
 But nobler minds, and men of sense,
 Let him rail on, detract and lie,
 And all the barking crew defy.



The KITE, HAWK, and PIGEONS.

THE Pigeons, by the Kite oppress'd,
 Aggriev'd at heart, yet unredress'd,
 Implor'd the Hawk, as soaring by,
 To be their friend and firm ally.
 The Hawk, on selfish views intent,
 Accepts the offer'd government;
 An iron sceptre fills his hand,
 The lord and tyrant of the land;

He soon their rights began t'invade,
And in two months more havock made,
Than e'er the neighbouring Kite before,
Had ever done in half a score.
Vex'd and enrag'd, they *coo'd* aloud,
Al! who'd submit to tyrants proud,
Who only mind their own vile ends,
And fleece both enemies and friends?

MORAL.

This fable should make all electors
Be cautious how they chuse protectors;
Shew them that av'rice, pow'r, ambition,
To states and kingdoms are perdition.

REFLECTION.

How many nations have long since
Been slaves to an usurping prince,
When by the lawful sov'reign's aid
They had been rich and happy made.
Let *Britain's* history relate
Her hard vicissitudes of fate,
And may her sons of liberty
Despise each bait, and still be free.



The BALD CAVALIER.

WHEN Periwigs came first in wear,
 Their use was to supply
 And cover the bald pate with hair,
 To keep it warm and dry.

For

For this good end, our Cavalier
Determin'd one to buy,
Which did so natural appear,
That it deceiv'd the eye.
But riding out one windy day,
Behold a sudden squall,
Which blew his feather'd hat away,
And Periwig and all.
He join'd the laugh with noddle bare,
And sung in concert tone,
How should I save another's hair,
Who could not keep my own.

M O R A L.

To take upon one's self a joke,
Good humour shews and wit,
Which may a second laugh provoke,
And leave the biter bit.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Martial of old a stanza wrote,
Upon a Lady's Tête ;
Which we for point and fitness quote,
And for the fair translate.

E P I.

EPIGRAM.

The golden hair that *Stella* wears
Is her's!—Who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis her's—and truly swears,
For I know where she bought it.





The DOG and THIEF.

A Gang of thieves, with villainous intent,
To a lone house for gold and plunder
went;

The mastiff took th' alarm and open'd wide;
To stop his mouth all arguments were try'd:
No, says the Dog, nor flattery nor crust,
Shall e'er tempt *Towzer* to betray his trust;
My

My master gives me liberty and ease,
 And in return 'tis my delight to please ;
 He is my benefactor, father, friend,
 Away, you rogue, or *Tyburn* is your end.

M O R A L.

Suspect strange sycophants, their gifts despise,
 Which oft have shown the traitor in disguise.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Conscious of guilt, bad men of ev'ry kind
 Inherit just anxiety of mind ;
 Fear shoots the poison'd arrows thro' the heart,
 They live in sorrow and with shame depart.
 Let *Æsop's* dog perfidious men upbraid,
 In power, service, government, or trade.





A FOX and CARVED HEAD.

A Fox one day, who chanc'd to pop
 His head into a Carver's shop,
 A beauteous bust admir'd ;
 And having turn'd it round and round,
 And ev'ry feature perfect found,
 He with a sigh retir'd :

Re-

60 FABLES *in* VERSE.

Reflecting on the object seen,
 So calm, so simple and serene,
 He said, departing thence,
 What pity 'tis so fine a face,
 Possess'd almost of ev'ry grace,
 Should want a grain of sense!

MORAL.

A beauteous form and mind discreet,
 In the same person rarely meet.

REFLECTION.

With human life you all may see
 The Fox's notion will agree;
 For without contradiction,
 The world is but one spacious street,
 In which carv'd heads and all sorts meet,
 And verify the fiction.





The MOUNTEBANK *and* BEAR.

A Quack, in argument profound,
 Was handing bills and packets round,
 And on his cures haranguing loud
 To the attentive gaping croud,
 When Bruin, (oft led by the nose)
 By chance, or by design suppose,
 With great importance passing by,
 Invites the mob's attracted eye,

F

Who

Who all, with rapture, gape and stare,
 And grin to see the dancing bear ;
 To whom the cub,—‘ You laugh at me,
 ‘ But hear how brother brutes agree !
 ‘ I by the nose am led, ’tis true,
 ‘ And really, brethren, so are you ;
 ‘ The doctor had you first,—and he
 ‘ In justice gave you up to me.
 ‘ So now distinguish if you can
 ‘ What shews the brute, and what the man.’

M O R A L.

Just emblem of mankind the bear !
 Some by the eye, some by the ear,
 And some by lust are led astray ;
 All deviate from the golden way.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Man’s life, when from the dream he wakes,
 Is but a series of mistakes.

The



The DOG *in the* MANGER.

A Cur into a manger got,
 And made poor *Ball* retreat,
 Rather to starve upon the spot,
 Than suffer him to eat.

M O R A L.

Envy no real comfort knows,
 No solid joy can find,
 But peace and happiness foregoes
 To prejudice mankind.

R E F L E C T I O N.

This humour of the dog too much prevails,
 In humble cottages and courts abounds,
 There to depreciate merit never fails,
 And honesty with treachery confounds.
 The difference is, if we pursue the plan,
 Mischief directs the brute, and int'rest man.





The GNAT and the BEE.

A Gnat, with cold and hunger faint,
 To a Bee-hive a begging went,
 Willing to spend her days in quiet,
 Offer'd, for lodging and for diet,
 In music to instruct the bee,
 And all her num'rous family.

Says

66 FABLES in VERSE.

Says Mrs. *Buz*,—‘ My children want
 ‘ Truly no such *Italian* cant,
 ‘ But, bred to industry and trade,
 ‘ Your songs and misery evade.’

M O R A L.

’Tis industry alone procures
 Our happiness, and bread insures,
 Which should be planted in the mind,
 Of every youth of every kind.
 For who, with truth could ever say,
 I ne’er can fall into decay.
 Or who is free in church or state,
 From the vicissitudes of fate.





The WOLF *and the* CRANE.

A Hungry Wolf, once feasting on a goat,
Had got a jagged bone across his
throat,

In this distress a crane he chanc'd to see,
Implor'd her aid, and promis'd her a fee.
The cure perform'd, Madam, with due regard
And good address, demanded the reward ;

But

But, with a sneer, the ungrateful patient said,
 'Twas well I bit not off thy foolish head.
 What greater recompence can tyrants give?
 You ease my pain, I suffer you to live.

M O R A L.

There are a people who in fact
 Acknowledge not a friendly act;
 To all the virtues of mankind
 Alike insensible and blind:
 Whose friendship never hope t'invite
 Till you have wash'd the Æthiop white.





The MISER burying his Gold.

A Tradesman opulent and old,
Of mean but honest birth,
Turn'd all his best effects to gold,
And hid it in the earth.

Each morn as soon as he arose,

He visited the spot,
Counted it oft (as we suppose)

But the main thing forgot.

70 FABLES in VERSE.

A lab'rer long his motions watch'd,
 Hoping his toil to ease,
 The plot upon his pillow hatch'd,
 And seiz'd the golden fleece.
 The miser, swift in his return,
 Soon miss'd his borrow'd store,
 In accent loud began to mourn,
 And cry'd, and pray'd, and swore.
 To whom a neighbour, grave in face,
 ' Your passion, Sir, restrain,
 ' Lay but some pebbles in the place,
 ' And you've your gold again.'

M O R A L.

'Tis better to have no estate,
 Than bury and abuse it ;
 Gold only cares in those create,
 Who know not how to use it.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Riches the blessings are of heaven,
 If properly employ'd ;
 To sooth the cares of life were given,
 And made to be enjoy'd :

How

How useful is that donor's store,
Whose heart and power agree,
To cloath the naked, feed the poor,
And set the captive free.



The



The PEACOCK *and* CRANE.

AS the Peacock and Crane were disputing
 together,
 One speedy in flight, t'other finer in feather;
 The Peacock enrag'd, spread the fan in his
 tail,
 Prithee tell, says the Crane, what thy pride
 does avail ?

Tho

Tho' children and fools may such trinkets
admire,

Are you better esteem'd for your flanting
attire ?

So he left the poor Peacock confounded to
stare,

While with proper contempt he soar'd into
the air.

MORAL.

Beauty and pride, we often find,
Betray the weakness of the mind ;

" He handsome is, and merits praise,

" Who handsome does," *The proverb says.*

REFLECTION.

The man who his superior talents knows,
And seeks for science and despises beaux ;

May represent the Crane who upward flies,

And all the foppery of life defies.

The flutt'ring Peacock of the present age,

Is he that covets gaudy equipage ;

Who, to dull earth confin'd with pride elate,

Hunts after infamy and starves in state.

G

The



The GARDENER *and his* DOG.

ONE day a Gardener's fav'rite dog,
 His master lost, and in a fog,
 (How hard for poetry to tell)
 Dropt plump into an open Well :
 The Gardener instantly descended,
 With gloomy hopes and fears attended,
 Put forth his gen'rous hand, no doubt,
 To help poor sinking *Towzer* out ;

The

The Dog suppos'd what he was doing,
 Was instrumental to his ruin ;
 (For there are, let me tell you, those
 Who do allow that Dogs suppose ;)
 And not considering his friend,
 He bit his master's fingers end.
 Nay, says the Gard'ner, if 'tis so,
 Sink or swim, *Towzer*, you may go.

MORAL.

Kind offices are thrown away,
 On those who understand them not ;
 Whate'er you do, whate'er you say,
 All obligation is forgot.

REFLECTION.

Some know not when they are well us'd,
 And some are for good works abus'd.



The A S S bearing an IMAGE.

AN Afs a facred Image bore,
 And as he stalks the mob adore ;
 Pleas'd at the sight, he kick'd and bray'd
 As if to him this court was paid ;
 His pride converts the crowd to foes,
 Who quickly dealt him store of blows ?

Honour,

Honour, said they, dull brute's bestow'd,
Not upon thee, but on thy load.

*On this let Magistrates reflect,
And know their Posts attract respect.*





The FATHER *and his* CHILDREN.

AS round their dying Father's bed
 His sons attend : the Peasant said,
 ' Children, deep hid from prying eyes,
 ' A treasure in my vineyard lies,
 ' When you have laid me in the grave,
 ' Dig, search,--and your reward you'll have.
Father, cries one, but where's the spot ?—
 He sighs ! he sinks ! but answers not.

The

The tedious burial service o'er,
Home hie his sons, and straight explore
Each corner of the vineyard round,
Dig up, beat, break, and sift the ground ;
Yet though to search so well inclin'd,
Nor gold, nor treasure could they find,
But when the autumn next drew near,
A double vintage crown'd the year.

*' Now, quoth the Peasant's wisest son,
' Our Father's legacy is known,
' In yon rich purple Grapes 'tis seen,
' Which, but for digging, ne'er had been.*

*' Then let us all reflect with pleasure,
' That labour is the source of treasure.'*





The ASS and the WOLF.

AN Afs had trod upon a *nail*,
 And by his limp confess'd the ail ;
 A Wolf, that rav'nous beast of blood,
 Who murders daily for his food,
 Propos'd to ease the Afs's pain,
 And draw the torturing nail again.

Thus

Thus said, he turn'd the hoof about,
 And drew th' afflicting iron out,
 Then ask'd a fee.----His Ass-ship star'd,
 Sudden his hinder foot he rear'd,
 A cross his surgeon's jaws it flew,
 And with a bang his teeth he drew.
 Well, quoth the Wolf, you've done your
 part,
 Cook'ry I know's my proper art;
 Full ill I here the doctor play'd;
'Tis fit that each should mind his trade.





The ASS in the LION'S SKIN.

AN Ass, who wore a Lion's hide,
 Spread fear and terror far and wide ;
 The animals all frighted fly,
 And e'en the Fox himself was shy :
 But when the foolish creature bray'd,
 His compliment the Fox thus paid :

‘ Dread

- ‘ Dread Sir, I hardly should presume,
‘ So near your Majesty to come,
‘ Did not your gracious voice declare,
‘ What sort of *Lion*, Sir, you are.’

*Whene’er their speech their pride belies,
Pedants and Puppies we despise.*





The DOG *and* the SHADOW.

TRAY with his prize crossing a brook,
 Did on the glassy surface look,
 There saw the shadow of his bone,
 And dreamt not that it was his own ;
 So big it seem'd, so full, so fair,
 He greedy (as his brethren are)

Snatch'd

Snatch'd at the shade, the bone let go,
 And lost his prize and dinner too.
 He yelp'd, and cry'd, Ah well a-day;
 No dinner now remains for *Tray*;
 Fool that I was, he sighing said,
 To loose the *substance* for the *shade*.

M O R A L.

Poor *Tray*, you see, has lost his prize,
 By only trusting to his eyes.
 In such a world—to your defence,
 Call in the aid of ev'ry sense,
 That none may laugh at your expence.





The ASTROLOGER.

A *Stargazer* out late at night,
 With eyes and thoughts turn'd both
 upright,
 Tumbled by chance into a well,
 (A dismal story this to tell ;)
 He roar'd and sob'd, and roar'd again,
 And curs'd the *Bear* and *Charles's Wain*.

His

His woeful cries a neighbour brought,
Less learn'd, but wiser far in thought ;
' My friend, quoth he, you're much misled,
' With stars to trouble thus your head ;
' Since you with these misfortunes meet,
' For want of looking to your feet.

M O R A L.

This suits your fools of ev'ry kind,
Who never their own business mind.





The ANTS *and the* GRASSHOPPER.

THE *Ants*, a prudent, painful train,
 Brought forth and dry'd their heaps of
 grain ;
 A *Grasshopper* half starv'd was by,
 Who bow'd and beg'd their charity.

To

To whom a hoary Ant reply'd,
In harvest how's your time apply'd?
' I sing (the insect said) and play,
' To make the lab'ring Peasants gay.'
Ah, cry'd the Ant,—How just the chance!
As then you sung—you now may dance;
In vain you here for food apply,
I'll feed no idle folks, not I.

M O R A L.

He will provide, who thinks aright,
In Summer's day, for Winter's night.





MERCURY *and* the STATUARY.

MERCURY one morning, as 'tis said,
 Would this our earthly mansion tread,
 To know how lov'd, and in what light,
 His worship stood in mortals sight,
 And to a statuary's flew,
 Where not a soul his worship knew.
 There stood the mighty Thund'rer's form,
 So carv'd, it seem'd with vigour warm.

The

The price he asks,—a trivial sum ;
 (How cheap, thought he, my fire's become !)
Juno stood next, an image fair,
 In flowing robe, with heav'nly air ;
 On her a handsome price was fixt.
Jove's messenger himself stood next,
 The God of trade, of arts and wealth,
 As well as tricking, fraud and stealth,
 Thought that his worth, of course was high,
 He ask'd :— ‘ If you'll resolve to buy
 ‘ The other two, the man reply'd,
 ‘ I'll throw this blockhead in beside.

M O R A L.

The world will ever those despise,
 Who peerless seem in their own eyes.





The FOXES.

IN days of yore, a *Fox* of parts
 Was caught in spite of all his arts,
 And forc'd, that he his life might save,
 His tale behind i' th' trap to leave.
 Dejected in his brethren's sight,
 He liv'd obscure and shun'd the light :
 But a fam'd council being near,
 Oblig'd Sir *Reynard* to appear ;

The

The business o'er, the Sage propos'd,
One speech to make before it clos'd ;
‘ These tails, says he, which now we wear,
‘ Most useless heavy burdens are,
‘ Vermin they breed, and dirt, and make
‘ A luggage when we cross the lake;
‘ At last though late may folly fall,
‘ Let’s wisely dock us one and all.’
A Fox who mark’d this sage oration,
Bow’d and reply’d on this occasion.
But first he whisper’d in his ear ;
‘ Wisely you’ve spoken, Sir, I swear ;
‘ Your tail’s already gone to pot,
‘ The scheme suits you, but suits us not.’

*The public good men oft pretend,
While private int’rest is their end.*



The



The FORTUNE-TELLERS.

A Conjurer of high degree,
 Who to the mob sold prophecy ;
 Had told his neighbours ev'ry thing,
 That time and fortune was to bring :
 While thus employ'd,——one came to tell
 What had at home himself besel :
 How thieves broke in, stript all the house,
 And left him not a single sous.

Amazing!

Amazing! cries th' affrighted sage,
What plagues unthought of curse this age?
My friends, farewell!—So turns about,
 In haste to leave the gaping rout.

' Hark ye, (says one) could you foresee
 ' What would befall this man and me?
 ' And have the stars no message sent
 ' To tell you these vile rogues intent?'

*He who to guard himself wants eyes,
 No other man can well advise.*

no other





The MASTER *and* his DOGS.

A CIT who held a little Farm,
 For his retreat when days were warm,
 Was by a series of ill weather,
 Imprison'd there, when once got thither.
 Distress'd for food, his flocks he flew,
 Goats, Wethers, Sheep, and Lambkins too.
 These

These gone----and still by famine press'd,
The lab'ring Oxen next were dress'd.
The Dogs, on this, together meet,
' Let's make, said they, a quick retreat,
' Since service no compassion draws,
' What chance have we to 'scape his jaws.'

*A stranger sure can ne'er depend
On him who thus destroys his friend.*



Till by degrees, repeated *theft*,
 Had in the apartment nothing left.
 At last when Madam's eyes were mended,
 The Doctor who so close attended,
 Priding himself that she could see,
 With eager haste demands his fee.
 ' Hold, quoth the *Dame*, to my poor purse
 ' No right have you--my *sight's* grown worse;
 ' In former days, though almost blind,
 ' I things of worth could *see* and *find* ;
 ' But now my *sight's* restor'd to me,
 ' I nothing in my room can see.'

*Succeeding wrongs will quite efface
 All memory of former grace.*





The RATS.

THE *Rats* one day in council sat,
 On ways and means to 'scape the *Cat* ;
 Who oft by sudden courses slew
 The best and bravest of their crew.
 In this debate an able sage
 Rose up---(they all rever'd his age)

And

And all in solemn silence sat,
 Expecting a most learn'd debate.
 Quoth he,----*If we this rule pursue,*
Peace will attend on me and you,
Let us this fierce Grimalkin deck,
With bell and ribbon round her neck.
 Th' applause he gain'd was large and loud,
 This rule was swallow'd by the crowd ;
 But one sly rogue with silver beard,
 Arose and beg'd he might be heard.
 ' Thy sense, says he, my learned friend,
 ' Each honest patriot must commend ;
 ' The scheme is good, if you can tell,
 ' What Rat will fasten on the bell.'

Projects with ease men may devise,
The plague in the performance lies.





The PEASANT *and* JUPITER.

JOVE, the great parent of mankind,
 Once to a PEASANT land assign'd,
 In trust at the year's end to yield
 Half the neat profits of each field ;

With

With this proviso, that the God
 Should now attend the *Farmer's* nod,
 To rain, blow, freeze, or give sunshine,
 Just as the PEASANT should incline :
 On this the man, with pain and toil,
 Plough'd, sow'd and harrow'd well the soil,
 Which first he dung'd, and saw with joy
 JOVE, as agreed, his pow'r employ.
 Just as he wish'd, the weather came,
 Nor had one neighbour's fields the same.
 Well, harvest comes---and then he saw
 A field, not full of corn, but straw.
 At this JOVE smil'd, who little car'd
 How well in partnership he far'd,
 And only meant to shew, 'tis vain
 For us of seasons to complain.
 See, friend,—he to the PEASANT said,
 How ill, on your own terms, you've sped,
 When wind and snow, and rain and sun,
 Round daily at your option run.
 Go plough, sow, dung, and tend your ground,
 I in my province will be found ;
 Your labour shew, doubt not my skill,
 But leave the weather to my will.
 This said and done—and harvest come,
 Such mighty loads of corn went home,

That

104 FABLES in VERSE.

That 'twas with equal skill and pain,
The barns were made to hold the grain.

*Such was the mighty change when man
No more beyond his limits ran.*





The LARK

THE Lark, a bird politely bred,
 In plumage sleek, with tufted head,
 Builds humbly in the field her nest,
 Where the young brood in quiet rest;
 But fit for flight, and harvest near,
 Ere danger comes they disappear.

In

In a Rye-field, where oft she sung,
 A Lark took lodging for her young;
 But saw with sorrow and surprise,
 It ripe, 'ere they could skim the skies.
 In this distress—my chicks, said she,
 Whene'er abroad for food ye flee,
 The news you hear to me relate,
 That we may ward the strokes of fate.
 Next morn, the farmer and his son,
 About the fields their walk begun;
 Sure, quoth the man, this grain is grown
 Too ripe, and should, ere this, be down.
 To-morrow, boy, before the dawn,
 Hither let all our friends be drawn.
 Home hie in haste the tim'rous brood
 The dreadful tale proclaim aloud;
 The Parent Bird unfrighted hears,
 And thus her Offspring frees from fears.

“ Children, said she, go take your rest,
 “ Safe, for to-morrow, stands the nest;
 “ His harvest work he long attends,
 “ Who leaves the labour to his friends.”

Next morn abroad her young ones go,
 More food to get, more news to know :

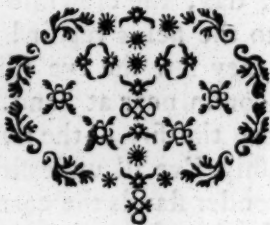
At length the farmer hobbles by,
 To see his friends cut down the rye ;
 But sees he came,—alas ! too soon :
 Though the high sun proclaim'd it noon ;
 Our friends, quoth he, with looks demure,
 Of late, are wond'rous lazy sure ;
 Well, we'll our kindred's good-will try,
 To-morrow they shall cut the rye.
 The Larks thought now all past relief,
 And seek their nest and tell their grief.
 " Peace, quoth the mother, yet you're safe,
 " And at to-morrow's work may laugh."
 At break of day, the clownish pair,
 As usual, to the fields repair !
 Untouch'd they saw the rye still stand,
 And not a cousin near at hand.
 Well,—quoth the sire,—the ties of blood
 And friendship I've ill understood ;
 Uncut see yonder stands the corn !
 Men only for themselves are born ;
 To-morrow, ere the sun you see,
 Two sickles bring for you and me ;
 Our friends and kindred long may stay,
 Let us the harvest bear away.

When

108 FABLES in VERSE.

When the young Larks this news repeat,
Hence, cries the dam, we all must get ;
Your legs, your wings, my children try,
For down to-morrow goes the rye.

*That never bid your friends pursue,
Which you without their aid can do.*





The FEAST of *the* BIRDS.

THE *Eagle* once proclaim'd a feast,
 Where every bird was bid a guest,
You Nightingale (said she) prepare
 A concert and a bill of fare.

The tuneful, little busy bird,
 Admir'd by all, by most preferr'd,

110 FABLES in VERSE.

Studious each different taste to suit,
 Got venison, fish, and grain and fruit.
Flora the verdant carpet laid,
 Under an oak's enamell'd shade ;
 The wond'rous *Phœnix*' self was there,
 Whose spicy nest perfum'd the air.

The royal banquet music cheers,
 And sweet *cantatas* charm their ears.
 The *Lark*, the *Linnet*, *Hoop* and *Thrush*,
 Or pois'd in air, or perch'd on bush,
 Now sole, and now responsive sing,
 The vales now with full chorus ring.
Red breasts in moving notes relate
 Two injur'd orphans cruel fate ;
 The warbling *Nightingale* repeats
 Of warrior birds the mighty feats,
 The triumphs of *Strymonian Cranes*,
 And *Pigmies* grasping on the plains ;
 And, with her voice inspir'd, displays
 Th' adventures of the feather'd race ;
 Their loves, their cares, their joys, their
 wrongs,
 Recorded in old *Druid* songs.

The

The solemn, dull, conceited *Owl*,
 Of medley phiz, 'twixt man and fowl,
 Thought his importance was so great,
 His absence would distress the treat.
 Five nights successive from his hole,
 With lazy flight abroad he stole,
 To try what male-contents would chuse
 His supper, and the court refuse.
 And now th' expected day was come,
 A hollow tree his dining-room ;
 Whose venerable trunk, all round
 Was with close-clinging ivy bound,
 The guests uncrowded did receive,
 Tho' fifty they,—save forty-five.
 The chatt'ring *Magpye*, ominous *Jay*,
 Noisy as modern *Bucks*, and gay ;
 The *Woodcock*, to a proverb wise,
 Unseen (he thinks) then clos'd his eyes.
 With these the bitter *Stare* repairs,
 Who *Doves* unhatch'd in embryo tears;
 The shrivel'd *Bat*, nor bird, nor beast,
 Had courage to approach this feast,
 Insur'd by solemn oaths and vows,
 He'd not mistake her for a *Mouse*.

The guests dispos'd, the table set,
 He, whilst they nod, or snore, or eat,
 His learned labours does repeat.

M O R A L.

So male-contents in every state,
 However good, however great,
 There always will be found;
 Who, like the Owl above, will rail,
 With dirt and dark devices deal,
 And even virtue wound.





The SPANIEL and TURNSPIT.

A Tutor'd *Spaniel*, sleek and gay,
 Taking a walk one summer's day,
 A daggled, thin, lank village cur,
 Accosts him thus,—' Good-morrow, Sir,
 ' Much I respect your goodly mien,
 ' As *Burgher* plump, as *Ermin* clean ;
 K 3 ' Where-

114 FABLES in VERSE.

‘ Where’er you live, your lovely case
 ‘ Proclaims you fav’rite of the place:
 ‘ Those offals, you refuse, would be
 ‘ A banquet to half-famish’d me :
 ‘ Permit me, Sir, on you to wait,
 ‘ I’ll humbly stop without the gate,
 ‘ Whilst dogs, to me superior far,
 ‘ Your mess-mates, or your umbra’s are.’

Rover approv’d the smooth address,
 And, courteous, pity’d his poor case.

—*Come, Mr. Trudge, is n’t that your name ?*

—‘ Plain Trudge, Sir, titles give me shame.’

—*Our Turnspit’s dead with age and fat,*
 (Thought Trudge, a lucky omen that)

The dripping pan’s your stated fees,

If you’re so fortunate to please.

Besides there’s many a sav’ry bit

That comes by way of perquisite.

‘ What I sub-cook ! I smell roast beef !

‘ Sure you were born for my relief.’

You shall, my friend—‘ Your vassal I,

‘ For friend too mean ; yours, till I die.’

—*I’ll introduce you to the kitchen ;*

Soon as the cook-maid brings the spit in,

See,

*See you obsequiously advance,
Wriggle and fawn, and round her dance ;
Let not her arms your burden feel,
But nimbly spring into the wheel.*

O'erjoy'd, *Trudge* follow'd, had admittance,
And for his hunger found small pittance.
Of *Rover* having learn'd the cue,
Strait to the larder-door he drew,
Where *Joan* was spitting of her veal,
He fawn'd, he frisk'd, he wag'd his tail ;
Yelp'd at the sight of spit, as pleasant
As *Rover*, when h'as perch'd a *Pheasant*.
Useful, though ugly, much he took
With all the house, as well as cook.
Happy beyond his hopes he liv'd ;
No knave in office faster thriv'd :
And, too well fed, so nice was grown,
He'd scarce accept a proffer'd bone.
Grown lazy now with food and ease,
Slighted his post ; but watch'd his fees.

Rover, a patron's freedom took,
The rustic upstart to rebuke.
—Mean souls, I see, rais'd from distress,
Grow proud and wanton by success.

Was

Was it for this thou wer't prefer'd?

The cock is little now rever'd.

I've heard thee call'd, I've seen thee shun,

When 'twas high time the meat was done:

Haste to thy duty, Trudge, said I;—

E'en go yourself, was the reply.

—That answer you deserv'd, I gave,

' I'm Turnspit yet, but not your slave.

' If pref'rence be to merit due,

' Who knows? I've parts as well as you.'

—My vassal once, too mean for friend,

To rival me dost thou pretend?

—' I may for somewhat more declare;

' Can wind the Partridge, start the Hare.'

' (Your Poachers surest take the game)

' And now a dog of title am,

' As well you. Pray mark me, Sir.'

—No (Rover growl'd) thou'rt but a Cur.

The MORAL. Addressed to a Prime Minister.

Would you the weight of public cares divide,

Let those be trusted who have long been try'd;

Ungrateful upstarts prove their patrons foes,

And rivals to the Power by which they rose.



The JUGGLER.

A Juggler long thro' all the town,
 Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
 You'd think (so far his art transcends)
 The devil at his fingers ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
 Convinc'd of his inferior skill,

She

She fought his booth, and from the crowd,
Defy'd the man of art aloud.

- ‘ Is this then he so fam’d for flight,
- ‘ Can this low bungler cheat your sight,
- ‘ Dares he with me dispute the prize ?
- ‘ I leave it to impartial eyes,

Provok’d the Juggler cry’d, *’Tis done,*
In science I submit to none.

Thus said ; the cups and balls he play’d ;
By turns, this here, that there, convey’d ;
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn’d to birds ;
His little boxes change the grain,
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shews all fair,
His fingers spread, and nothing there,
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his iv’ry eggs are told ;
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz’d spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.

‘ This

' This magic looking-glass, she cries,
 ' There, hand it round, will charm your eyes.'
 Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
 And every man himself admir'd.

Next to a Senator addressing;
 See this *Bank-Note*; observe the blessing:
 Breathe on the bill, heigh, pass! 'Tis gone;
 Upon his lips a padlock shone.
 The second puff the magic broke,
 The padlock vanish'd and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
 All full with heady liquor stor'd,
 By clean conveyance disappear,
 And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to the thief expos'd,
 At once his ready fingers clos'd;
 He opes his fist, the treasure's fled,
 He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids ambition hold a wand,
 He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shews ;
 Blow here,—and a Churchwarden blows :
 'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
 And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
 And from all pockets fills her box.

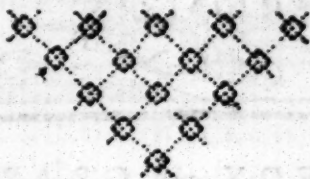
She next a meager rake address ;
 This picture see ; her shape, her breast !
 What youth, and what inviting eyes !
 Hold her and have her. With surprise
 His hand expos'd a box of pills ;
 And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter in a miser's hand,
 Grew twenty Guineas at command ;
 She bids his heir the sum retain,
 And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see,
 Takes ev'ry shape but charity ;
 And not one thing you saw or drew,
 But chang'd from what was first in view.

The

The Juggler now in grief of heart,
 With this submission own'd her art.
 ' Can I such matchless flight withstand !
 ' How practice hath improv'd your hand !
 ' But now and then I cheat the throng ;
 ' You ev'ry day, and all day long.'





The FOX *and* GRAPES.

REYNARD by fraud and rapine fed,
 The hen-roosts and the lambkins dread;
 Sated with slaughter, now grown nice,
 A vine with clusters laden spies;
 The fruit to warmest beams display'd,
 In horizontal lines were laid.

Beauty

Beauty has charms : But ah ! in vain
 We sigh for what we can't obtain.
 Six feet above the ground and more,
 The wall supports the purple store.
 Beyond thy reach, ambitious creature,
 Whose cunning far exceeds thy stature.
 He longs, and thrice with utmost strain
 Leaps at the Grapes, but leaps in vain.
 Now tir'd, the disappointed thief,
 Tho' sorely vex'd, thus hides his grief.

- A plague, says he, d'ye call these ripe,
- They'd kill one with the colic ;
- I wou'd n't have 'em, if I might,
- I jump'd but for a frolic.'

M O R A L.

*Who have, by fortune's malice cross'd,
 Preferment or a mistress lost,
 Wisely dissemble the miscarriage,
 And what they cannot reach, disparage.*





The NOBLEMAN *turned* COACHMAN.

A Grecian youth of talents rare,
Whom *Plato's* philosophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill
To curb the steed and guide the wheel.

And

And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
 With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
 The idiot wonder they express'd,
 Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length quite vain he needs wou'd show
 His master, what his art could do ;
 And bad his slave the chariot lead
 To *Academus*' sacred shade ;
 The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
 The Wood-Nymphs startled at the sight,
 The Muses dropt the learned lyre,
 And to their inmost shades retire.

Howe'er the youth with forward air,
 Bows to the sage, and mounts the car.
 The lash refounds, the coursers spring,
 The chariot marks the *rolling* ring,
 And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes,
 And shouts pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd ;
 With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd,
 And now along th' intended plain,
 The self-same track he marks again,

Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd,
The youths with emulation glow'd;
E'en bearded sages hail'd the boy,
And all but *Plato* gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field;
And when the char'oteer drew nigh,
And flush'd with hope had caught his eye,
' Alas! unhappy youth he cry'd,
' Expect no praise from me, (and sigh'd)
' With indignation I survey,
' Such skill and judgment thrown away.
' The time profusely squander'd there
' On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
' If well employ'd, at less expence,
' Had taught thee Honour, Virtue, Sense,
' And rais'd thee from a Coachman's fate,
' To govern men and guide the state.





THE
CONVERSATION
OF
ANIMALS.



Conversation I.

THE Cock told the Farmer, that the only reason of his calling him up three times of a morning was this : 'The first, says he, is to let you know that 'tis almost day ; the next, that it is time to get up ; and when I call again, I call you fool for lying in
bed

bed so long to get diseases. Don't you see how I strut before my dame to the barn-door in the morning : I am in perfect health without the aid either of doctor or apothecary; and if you would but go to bed at seasonable hours, and rise as I do, physic would be useless, and the money might be saved to buy barley for me and my companions.

II.

A lady asked her linnet how he could learn to sing so well ? Why, I get up at four o'clock in the morning to practice, Madam, says he, and don't lie in bed till noon as you do.

III.

A lady, seeing a poor lark in a fallow field, pitied him, and asked him how he could live in that barren place ? Madam, says he, I pray to God night and morning and he feeds me.

IV.

An old miser kept a tame jack-daw that used to steal pieces of money, and hide them in a hole, which the cat observing, asked
why

why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of? Why, says the Daw, my master has a whole chest full, and makes no more use of them than I.

V.

An old goose, who was going into the stubble to feed, thus addressed her young one, ' You are a pretty white lass, my dear dilly, ' and your charms may bring you many admirers, but this you may depend on, that ' far the greatest part of them will only seek ' your destruction ; therefore be careful, keep ' close to the pen, my dear, and admit none ' of them without my advice or consent.' Yes, mamma, says the gosling. So the old goose kissed her and went her way.—Presently comes the Wolf ; open the door, pretty creature, says he, for I must kiss you. Pray walk on, Mr. Long-legs, says she, for I want no such company. Several others made their addressee, but without any effect ; at last came the Fox. Fairest of all the fair creatures, says he, (clapping his fore-paws together in a seeming rapture) how beautiful art thou grown !

grown! Lillies, roses and diamonds are but shadows of thy brightness. He then bowed gracefully. The gosling thought by his address he was some person of distinction, and courtesied to his applause. Reynard then clapped his paws upon his heart. My dearest, sweetest sweet one, says he, let me thus kneel at the grate and adore thee. No, Sir, by your behaviour, says she, I see you are a fine gentleman, and have an affection for me, pray walk in; so she lifted up the grate and the artful ravenous fox jumped in and tore her to pieces in a moment.

By and by came the old goose crying and cackling, and almost dead for the loss of her young one. This, says she, comes of childrens not taking their parents advice—My master's daughter was served just so; a gay flattering, worthless, artful coxcomb made love to her for the sake of her money, and though her father and mother, who were older and wiser than she, persuaded her not to take the least notice of him, yet she believed the flattering tale, would give him her company, and was ruined as my dear dilly has been.

VI.

A boy who was addicted to lying, had several times got up into a tree, and pretending his leg was slipped in between the branches, so that he could not get down, bawled out for help; but when the people came to his assistance, held up his leg and laughed at them. At last, however, he really slipped down between two of the boughs, and was entangled. He lay there all night, and halloo'd and call'd, but no body came to release him, on which a raven that had perched upon the branches, thus consoled him:

‘ You see now, firrah, the consequence of
‘ telling lies, and of behaving so ill to those
‘ who endeavoured to serve you. Had not
‘ you been such an ungrateful, lying rascal,
‘ all the village would have come to your
‘ assistance ere now, but as they all know your
‘ character, none of them will relieve you.

VII.

VII.

A Jack-daw was once in company with a Kite when he stole a great number of chickens out of a farm-yard, the farmer laid a snare to catch them, which only entangled the Daw ; who, when the farmer came to take him out, pleaded hard for his life, and alledged in his defence, that he did not steal any of the chickens himself, but only was in company with the Kite. No matter, says the farmer, you might have kept better company then.— If you was not the thief yourself, you kept the thief in countenance, and I dare say, are of the same profession, for *every one is known by his company.*

VIII.

A farmer had taken his horse into a corner of a field, and tied him to a stake to dock him. At which the flies, greatly elated, came buzzing about them, and sung for joy. Ay, you may well sing, says the Horse, nor do I blame ye, for I am now deprived of that whip which nature intended I should lash you with ; you, therefore, act with reason,
but

but what reason can the blockhead my master have for torturing an animal that has served him so faithfully, and for giving me up to be teased by such a crowd of buzzing coxcombs as you are. But the first time you sting me when he, a booby, is on my back, I'll kick, and let him tumble and take the consequence.

IX.

There was a country farmer who had a dog that chopped up all the meat that came in his way, and was such a thief there was no trusting him with any thing. The same farmer had also a cat that was a very honest creature; for if you shut her into the buttery she never stole any thing, but diligently employed herself in catching of mice. One frosty morning, puss was playing in the warm kitchen, and the dog abroad shut out and shivering in the cold; as soon, however, as the door was opened, he ran in, and thus addressed the cat: 'Tis a rare life you lead here, Madam puss, you are beloved by the whole family, and permitted to lick off the plates, while I am kicked under the table. You are

M

sus-

suffered, these cold frosty nights to sit by the kitchen fire, while I am locked out in the hail and the rain, the frost and the snow. Sir, says the cat, had you been as honest as I am, you and I would have enjoyed the benefit of a warm fire and a dry house; but as you are a known thief, you are bolted out with the rest of your brethren. You should consider, sirrah, that honesty is the best policy. Besides the favour a person of probity may reasonably expect from others, he that is honest will always have the comfort of a good conscience, *which is better than gold, yea than fine gold, and sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb.*

X.

An Ox, who had goared a man, was seized by the dogs and brought to his trial. The Fox was judge and the dogs offered themselves as witnesses, which he refused, as they were thief-takers and interested. Here the council began to harangue, which the judge would not admit of; he told them indeed if a point of law should arise they might speak to it, but he would have no witnesses brow-beaten, or misled in that court. The Horse and the Ass were then called up, who deposed that
they

they saw the Ox toss a man and goar him near *Smithfield*, so that his life was despaired of; to this the Ox pleaded ignorance, and said that he had been misused and deprived of his senses, but he knew not what happened in consequence thereof. A Bee, who had been all this time perched on the Ox's head, offered his evidence, and deposed that he had been eye-witness of the whole affair: ' This poor Ox, my Lord, says he, was taken from his friends and relations in the country, where he led a peaceful, innocent life, and put under the care of a cruel and inhuman drover, who prick'd him all the way to *London* with a nail at the end of a pole, and when he was lame and unable to walk so fast as the brutish drover designed, he beat him about the legs with a stick that had a great knob at the end of it, which still made him more lame. When he came to *Smithfield*, he stood with his head tied to the rails from four o'clock on *Sunday* evening, 'till eight o'clock on *Monday* night, which was 28 hours, when the anguish he was in affected his head so much that he lost his senses, and committed the fact for which he stands

‘indicted. Who is to blame, my lord? ’Tis true
 ‘an innocent man has lost his life, but the in-
 ‘nocent Ox is not to suffer for it; the Ox had
 ‘not his senses, and therefore could not be
 ‘accountable for his actions. Those are to
 ‘blame, my lord, who encourage drovers in
 ‘such acts of inhumanity, and who suffer a
 ‘market for wild or mad beasts to be held in
 ‘the middle of a large and opulent city; do
 ‘you think the queen of my hive would suffer
 ‘me or any of my brethren to bring home
 ‘those things we make boot upon? No, in
 ‘order to prevent mischief and confusion, we
 ‘prepare our meat before we are let into the
 ‘city, and so would these people, had they
 ‘half the sense they pretend to have.’

[Here the Fox arose and having com-
 manded silence, spoke as follows.]

Gentlemen of the Jury,

YOU bear what a distinct and clear evidence
 the BEE has given in behalf of the prisoner,
 and you all seem sensible of the truth of it. ’Tis
 amazing that mankind should complain of cruelty
 in Animals, when their own minds are produc-
 tive of such scenes of inhumanity! Is not the Ox
 and

and all other creatures murdered for their emolument? Are not the BEES burnt, and their houses plundered for their use? What have you Mr. HORSE, for carrying the boobies upon your back, but stripes and ill treatment? And what have you, Mrs. ASS, who are their nurse and their doctor, but lashes and ill language? Man, that two legged Tiger, Man, is the most ungrateful of all beasts. And from the instance before us, one would think them the most stupid also, for as my Lady BEE observes, who in their senses would suffer such a Market to be held in such a place; but that is not our business, and therefore I break up the court; I can give them justice, but I can't give them understanding. The Ox shall be acquitted.

Upon which the Cock, who was present, clapped his wings, and crowed applause to the sentence.





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THERE are, towards the end of this Book, three or four Fables which are not originals ; but were taken from other authors, and inserted here at the earnest solicitation of some friends. This Mr. *Woglog* thought proper to mention, to obviate any imputation of plagiarism that might be brought against him or his Colleague in this work. He is not so fond of fame as to raise trophies to himself on the pedestals prepared for others ; —no truly—and though reputation is dear to every Writer, he is ready to give up his, as an Author, to any man, or body of men, who will engage to pay for advertising his books ; those, therefore, who are inclined to purchase fame at that expence, are desired to give notice to his friend Mr. *Newbery* in *St. Paul's Church-yard* ; who has lately published

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